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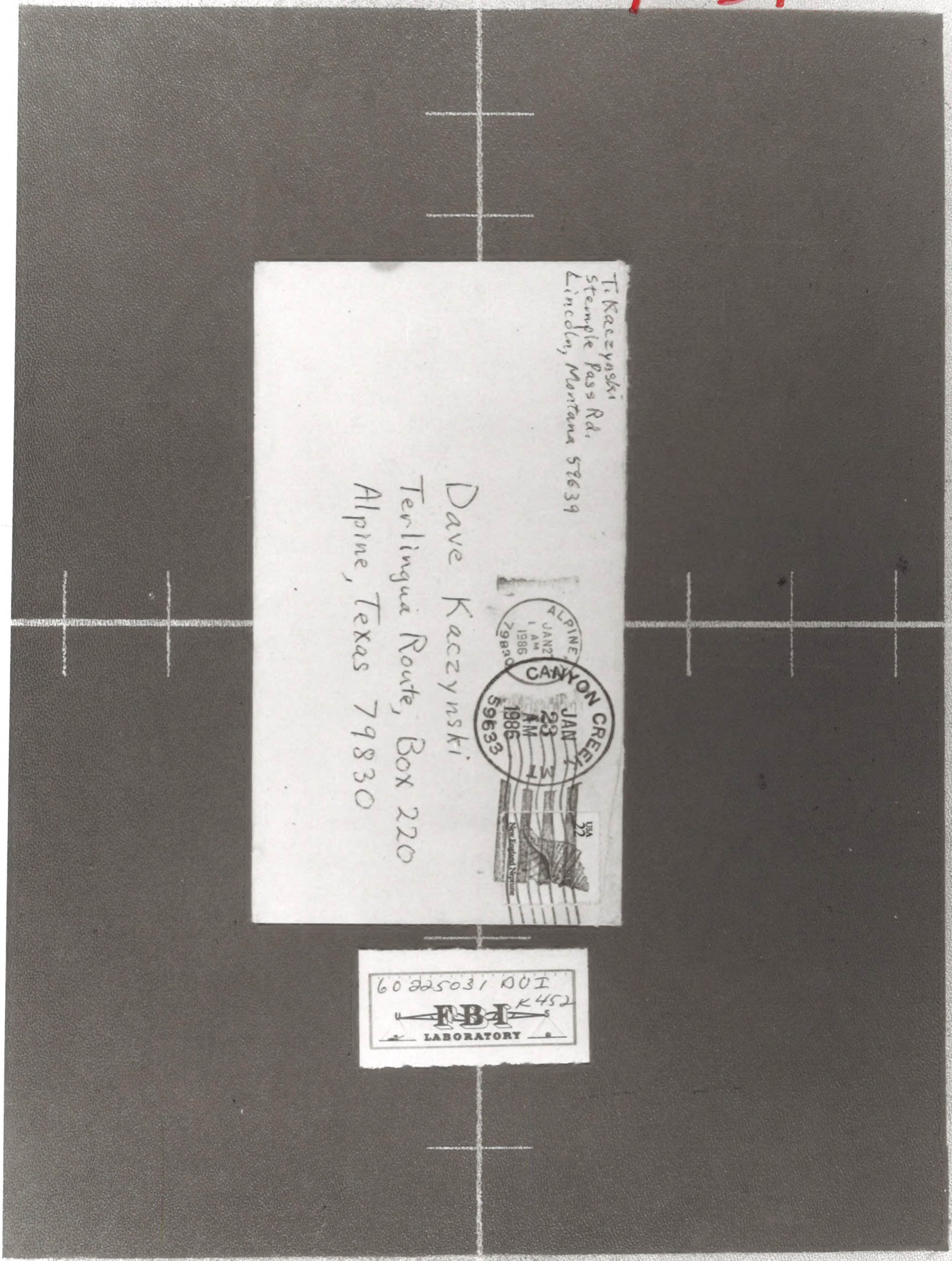
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Querido hermano:

Una vez vi a una joven Hutterita muy bella. No supongo que tuviese sino 16 ó 17 años, pero ...¡el encanto de su cara! ¡La perfección de su talle! Pero, me esforcé muy fuerte por no fijarle con demasiado empeño mi mirada lujuriosa. "Siendo Hutterita — pensé — debe de ser muy religiosa; sin duda es muy tímida y gazmoña; muy delicada e inocente. Quizás se desmayaría si se le ocurriese que un hombre pudiese tener pensamientos sexuales acerca de ella. No quiero avergonzarla."

Pues, si otra vez por casualidad encuentro semejante Hutterita lindísima, no voy a vacilar en clavarle mis ojos en la entrepierna. Acabo de leer un pequeño libro sobre los Hutterites que encontré en la biblioteca de Lincoln; Beneath the Mask, by June Leiby. La autora, cuando escribió el libro, habría pasado dos años enseñando a los niños en una escuela Hutterita, y parece tener cierta simpatía a los Hutterites. A juzgar por su escritura, la autora apenas es culta; algunas de sus oraciónes parecen haber pasado por dentro de un mixmaster antes de llegar a la página. Pero eso no nos importa por el momento. La autora confirma que los Hutterites sí son religiosos, que entre ellos es muy raro el adulterio y asimismo la preñez premarital. Pero dice:

"[Los niños Hutterites de escuela] solían estallar a la menor provocación. Las palabras 'de cuatro letras' en alemán y en inglés les brotaron bastante rápidamente para avergonzar a un marinero cualquiera." (págs. 42-43)

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"He oído hablar de las niñas y el modo de que hablan de los niños y su anatomía; no porque las interese el tema, sino para averiguar si pueden sacar a alguien una reacción escandalizada." (pág. 51) ②

La Hutterita inocente, tímida, gazmoña... ¡Bah! Mejor decir <u>puta</u>.

Además, la autora dice que los Hutterites son ladrones habituales. En una colonia Hutterita, nada está seguro a menos que esté guardado con una cerradura. Y muchos Hutterites no vacilan en hurtar los bienes de "los de afuera", es decir, los que no son Hutterites. No es de asombrar que muchos odien a los Hutterites.

A propósito, dice la autora que los Hutterites sí tienen muchas dificultades con la endogamia, de modo que es muy común entre ellos el nacimiento de nenes deformes. Y ya que parecen ser menos puritanos de lo que se podría suponer... pues, ¿recuerdas aquella leyenda de que los Hutterites traen a sus colonias unos hombres de afuera para que éstos preñen a sus mujeres? Me pregunto si puede haber en ella alguna pizca de verdad.

I found quite interesting some of the stories in that book by G. García Márquez that you sent me, especially the one about a blind grandmother and a girl whose lover has left her, and a (to me) somewhat incomprehensible story which nevertheless centers around a very interesting portrait of the psychology of a partly senile 94-year-old priest.

— Ted

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Dear Dave:

Explanations: I wanted to get that last letter off promptly, so didn't have time for explanations. By the way, I'd like you to keep this private; would prefer not to have you telling your friends about it, OK? Well, I think my heart is going bad. Question of mental stress. Used to be that I suffered from hardly any tension at all around here. But the area is so fucked up now that my old way of life is all shot to hell. I used to have bad dreams of 3 types. In one type of dream, loggers or earth-moving machinery or things of that kind would move in here and cut down all the trees and tear up the ground all around the cabin. In another type of dream, my cabin would be all surrounded and closed in by summer cottages or cabins that people had built. In a 3rd type of dream, things would get so built up around here that I would find my cabin and myself isolated in the middle of a huge shopping center, and there I would be trying to live my woodland life in the middle of a shopping center. Ugh. Well this 3rd type of dream hasn't come true — yet — but the 2nd type of dream has almost come true since so many people have now moved in around here, and it looks as if the 1st type of dream will soon come true, since those Gehring jerks are planning to log off the woods all around my cabin here.*

So . you'll understand that with the way things

*In fairness I should mention that they aren't going to clear-cut it — they'll just take out the big trees; but you can be sure it will mess things up pretty thoroughly.

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are around here now I often suffer from tension, anger, frustration, etc., and at the same time am deprived of most of the consolation of woodland life. Well, for over ten years, during those periods when I was subject to stress, as when living in a city, I've experienced an occasional irregularity of heartbeat. According to what I've read, this isn't considered serious if it doesn't happen too often. But in the last few years it's gotten a lot worse. Exercise, unless somewhat excessive, doesn't bother it, but under the influence of any sort of worry, anger, frustration, etc., sometimes my heart really goes wild. So I wouldn't be surprised if I just drop dead one of these days.

Actually I'm not really all that concerned about it — We all gotta go some time anyway, so what the hell. On the other hand, I'm not anxious to die any sooner than I have to. My heart was acting funny, and I was looking forward with increasing reluctance to all the headaches associated with making a trip down there — getting my stuff together, hiding my valuables, going to Lincoln to make a long-distance phone call to find out about bus schedules, and then a godawful 2-day trip on a probably crowded bus with little sleep. Just the kind of anxieties to make my heart act funny. So I thought I'd better call it off and just spend what I hoped would be a nice peaceful winter here.

Later however, I began to have second thoughts about this; for more than one reason, but the main reason is that I've now learned that they are going to log off the woods here this winter. So there goes my nice peaceful winter. I've known for

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some time that they would eventually log these woods, but I didn't know when, until just recently. I suppose I ought to stay around here to see to it that they don't violate my property boundaries, but it would be unbearable, with all the noise and so forth. So I decided I might as well make the trip after all.

—Ted

P.S. I forgot to mention — I was touched by your extremely generous offer of money. But even if it would have done any good, I wouldn't take it, not from you. When I took to the woods I made a decision to forgo financial security, being fully aware of the consequences to be expected with the onset of old age and illness. It would obviously be unfair for me now to accept money from you, who have paid the price of earning financial security. It would be different if I leeched off the welfare dept., since the society that provides welfare is the same one that has fucked up my way of life in the woods — so why not screw them? Though as you know I would for other reasons have a strong aversion to taking welfare. Also it would be different if I took money from our parents. As you know, I hate them, so why not screw them?. But from you I wouldn't take any money. Bear in mind that as one gets older one is likely to get sick more and more frequently, perhaps with expensive chronic ailments. If I started taking money from you for medical expenses I could easily keep you penniless for the rest of your life. I don't think it would be polite for you to describe my restraint in this respect as "cutting off my nose to spite my face."

—Ted

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In Case you get this letter same time as the other, please read other letter first, since prompt reply to it is desirable

SEE OTHER SIDE

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